



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &C.

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NO. 7.

SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies' Companion.

The Thunder Storm.

A TALE.

[Concluded.]

As Edward rapidly uttered this, Mahitable sat gazing on him, in silent amazement. She had seen that Edward admired Elizabeth, but this was very natural, and supposing he knew of her engagement to Theodore, she did not imagine he cherished warmer feelings. Nay, when the simple creature saw them so often together in earnest conversation, she thought it probable that Elizabeth was making her new friend, a confidant of her attachment. 'Well, I'm proper sorry,' she said—'It is hard, if you love her, to have her marry another.'

'Marry another!—I assure you I have no such intentions, I mean to have an explanation to-morrow, and if that sweet girl loves me as I think she does, she shall be mine, in spite of Theodore.'

'For gracious sake! you will not think of making mischief—You do not know how Theodore loves her, I am sure it would break his heart to lose her—I should be sorry to have any harm come to him, he is so good and kind and gentle—he is as likely a young man as ever you saw—they think all the world of him at college, and then he is the pet of all the village. Elizabeth must love him—She cannot change her mind so soon. Ah! Mr. Graham, if you could read his poetry you would love him yourself, and never dream of such cruelty as to try to get her heart from him. He would just slink away under some green tree, and lay his head down and die.' Tears rolled down Mahitable's cheeks.

Edward did not answer her, but maintained during the remainder of the ride a gloomy silence. Sometimes as the idea of the gentle, loving Theodore rose before him, he determined to leave B——at once, aye, although it would break his heart-strings—but the image of Elizabeth in all her grace and sweetness came before him, and with it, came the conviction that her heart was his alone, and all his honorable resolves were effaced.

The next afternoon Elizabeth brought her sewing and made Mahitable a friendly visit. Edward espied her, from his window, and was soon over there, her coldness had worn away, but there was a sadness, a subdued tenderness in her bright grey eyes, which convinced Edward he had nothing to fear. That evening, he walked home with her, and by the light of the lover's moon, told her all his love, and all his sorrow.

Elizabeth drew her hand from his, covered her face and burst into tears. 'Oh! you must not talk thus to me,' she said, 'I cannot hear you—for—for, I am engaged to another.'

'I have heard,' said Edward, 'something of a childish engagement, many years ago; but dearest Elizabeth, the heart must go with the hand, and you will not have the cruelty to tell me you love this absent Theodore more than me.' She raised her eyes, and as Edward gazed into their soft depths, he saw that Theodore's hope had gone.

She turned away and clasped her hands. 'Oh! I dare not—may not love you, for now I am pledged to him and must not break my vow.'

'But would you deceive him dearest? Think you not, when he has discovered your heart is not with him, as soon he must,—he will not reproach you for concealing the truth, ere you had wrecked your happiness as well as his.'

'Reproach, ah no! he is all gentleness, too good, too gentle for me. Theodore; my early friend, must I desert you?' Elizabeth was no arguer, and before they reached her father's house, Edward had convinced her, she was acting most rightly and justly, when she consented to write to Theodore of her changed feelings, and accept of Graham in his place. Edward bade Elizabeth adieu at the gate, and left her. As she approached the house, she perceived her father and mother, sitting together on the piazza, a sense of wrong came over her, and could she have avoided them, she willingly would, but there was no other entrance open, so collecting all her composure, she ran up the steps—

'Who came home with you Lizzy,' said her father.

Elizabeth answered in a low voice, 'Mr. Graham,'—and was going on.

'Stop my child,' he said, 'I have something to say to you—Sit down a moment.'

Dreading what was coming, Elizabeth sank down in a dark corner, and prepared for the worst. 'What I wanted to say was,' said Farmer Chapman, 'I don't think it quite right in you, who are engaged to Theodore Howard, to be junketting about with this young stranger—I know he is very clever, and very likely, and it is well enough to walk with him sometimes, but to be always about with him, sets folks a talking, and I reckon, if Theodore was to hear it, he would think very hard of you. It is very natural for you to be pleased with his company—and its very natural for him to select my child out of all the gals in the town, but you ought not to permit so much attention from him, as you are all but the wife of Theodore Howard.' Mr. Chapman was going on, with what he thought a necessary parental check, when he was interrupted by the deep sobs of his daughter. Her mother kindly threw her arms around her and drew her to her bosom, while her father exclaimed, 'Why Lizzy what's the matter? I did not mean to hurt your feelings I have said too much perhaps, but I know all young gals will be giddy.'

'Oh! father! it is too late,' cried the unhappy Elizabeth—'I must tell all—my engagement with Theodore is broken, and I have promised to marry Mr. Graham.' Her mother withdrew her arms from her with a groan.

'Elizabeth,' said Mr. Chapman, in a severe tone, 'it cannot be—I never can believe a child of mine can be so base; what! break your engagement with Naomi Howard's son—give up one who has loved you so long, for an acquaintance of a few months!'

'I cannot help it,' sobbed Elizabeth, 'I love Theodore no longer.'

'Well, I'll be darned,' exclaimed her father, stamping with his foot, until he made the piazza shake, 'if I ever know'd fickleness

equal to this, what do you know of this man; he may be a vagabond—you'll kill Theodore—I am ashamed of you!"

"Dear Hezekiah!" interposed Mrs. Chapman, "you know the affections can't be controlled. I am sorry for Theodore's disappointment, and I am sorry for the blame Lizzy will get; but what we can't cure we must endure, you know, so we must make the best of it. He is a young man, who has been well educated, his connexions are very genteel, and he is very rich."

"You are all alike—for a little money you would break the hearts of all your friends. I declare I have a great mind to pull up stakes, and go live with the Indians, they would behave much better."

"Well, but husband, this Mr. Graham is so much above, what we had a right to expect for our daughter."

"I don't care if he was General Washington himself, and General Stark to boot, she sha'n't have him. I will not give my consent to such scandalous parjury." So saying, the honest Vermonter stumped into the house, and marched off to bed. The mother and daughter held a long and interesting conversation, the result of which was, they had entered into a holy alliance to resist the old man, *a l'outrance*, and do their very best to promote the match between Elizabeth and Edward.

When Graham called the next morning he found Mrs. Chapman and Elizabeth alone. Mr. Chapman went out early to work in the fields, leaving word, "if that pranking Yorker came, he should be sent home with a flea in his ear." Mrs. Chapman, had been very much pleased with the elegance of Edward's dress and manner, and now in anticipation of Elizabeth's brilliant prospects, she entered readily into all their plans, and promised to soften her husband in their favor. This she found no easy task. But at last, as the poor man said, continual dropping wore away the stone, and weary of a long system of little torments, and startled by hints that his obstinacy would lead to a clandestine marriage, or perhaps really alarmed by his daughter's miserable looks, his resistance became gradually less and less, until he finally intimated, that although he could not give his consent he would not oppose it, and Elizabeth espoused the wanderer Edward Graham.

One fine afternoon, about three weeks after the wedding, the happy couple sallied out for a stroll. Mrs. Chapman was sitting in the parlor with Mahitable Peabody, and Mercy Wayland, the bride-maid, who had come from Montpelier to attend the marriage, when the latter suddenly exclaimed, "Dear me! what a spruce young man is riding up the road. I have not seen such a fine young gentleman this long while. Gracious! I declare

he is coming here—I must give my curls a look." So saying, she ran to the glass, to rearrange the wild blue lupins, she had placed in her light tresses. Surprized to hear no observations from her companions, she turned around, and saw them gazing on each other in evident consternation.

At length Mrs. Chapman spoke—"Theodore is not coming here, sure—is he Mahitable?"

"My gracious! yes—he has tied his horse to the rails. Now he springs over, and now comes smilingly up to the house—he cannot have heard of her marriage—what is to be done!"

"I am sure I cannot tell," said Mrs. Chapman in a disconsolate tone. It will break the poor boy's heart."

The footsteps of the unconscious Theodore were now ascending the steps—he opened the door, came in, looked gaily round the room, and then advancing to Mrs. Chapman, shook her heartily by the hand.

"Where is Elizabeth," he asked eagerly, while a smile of happiness played over his handsome features.

"The dear girl is well I hope." There was silence for a few moments. Mrs. Chapman was too much overcome to speak—she saw their letters had passed him on the road, that Elizabeth's marriage was unknown to him, and feared the effect of too sudden announcement of the mournful truth. At length Mahitable answered faintly, "Elizabeth is well."

"But where is she," demanded the impatient lover. "Your looks tell me there is something dreadful to relate—speak at once, be she ill or dead tell me, and I will try to bear it firmly."

Mercy, who had sat in amazement at the scene, for she knew not who Theodore was, seeing them turn away, as if loth to answer the poor young man, said hastily—"Mahitable, why do you not speak; you know Elizabeth is well, she has gone out to walk with her husband."

Young Howard had turned to her with a flush of joy, when she assured him, his Elizabeth was well, but when the last unexpected and overwhelming sentence met his ear, he seemed by some horrid enchantment, turned from a being glowing with health and love, to a cold and motionless, and senseless statue. He uttered no exclamation—he did not fall, but stood with his fixed eyes glaring on poor Mercy, until she turned from him, with a shudder of affright.

"Oh! what have I done to him!—What is the matter with him," she screamed. "He is struck dead, go to him."

At last the unhappy young man spoke—but with a voice so changed, that all in the room shuddered when its death-like tones

came o'er their ear. "Is it true," he said,—"has Elizabeth married another!"

The sobs of Mrs. Chapman was the only answer he received. She had loved Theodore as a son, and the sight of the misery which she had in a measure brought to his youthful heart, nearly overpowered her. Theodore turned to go towards her, but he staggered, and fell violently back against the wall.

"Oh! my own unhappy boy," cried Mrs. Chapman, running towards him. "This has killed him, I know it has."

"Leave me," he said, gently pushing her away, "I am but a poor weak boy. I shall be better soon. I will go out awhile."

Mrs. Chapman begged him to stay, or let her go with him—he answered not, but pressing both hands over his eyes, as if to shut out the world, rushed hastily through the house and garden, and plunged into a grape vine bower, at the end of the walk. Stunned and blinded by this sudden stroke of wretchedness, he vainly endeavored to collect his ideas, and compose himself enough to think. That something dreadful and unexpected had fallen on him, he felt, but it was some moments ere he comprehended, that Elizabeth, his own sweet Elizabeth no longer loved him. She had abandoned him—she was married to another. How could one so young and so confiding, bear this weight of woe. His arms were tost wildly to Heaven, and he walked distractedly about the arbor—that arbor where he had often sat so happily with his lost love, oh, the misery of that hour. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Can years of happiness compensate for one moment of such exquisite anguish. In vain he struggles—despair has her iron grasp on him, and he cannot escape the burden which is bowing him to the earth.

Voices were now heard in the garden—"Where are you going my sweet Elizabeth? The dew is heavy, you had better return to the house."

"I am only going into the arbor for a book," said Elizabeth—"Go in dear husband, I will soon follow."

She entered the bower gaily, and the first object which met her eye, was the injured Theodore, leaning opposite to her, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. She stood gazing fearfully on him, almost hoping it was some dreadful apparition which would suddenly disappear from her eyes. He raised his head slowly, fixed his eyes gloomily on her, and said, in a stern sad voice, "Why do you come here, heartless one! Would you see the effect of your treachery on your victim? Would you enjoy the agony of the heart you have crushed and trampled on? Look at me—are you satisfied—now leave me. Why do you not leave me alone in my misery?"

The sorrowing Elizabeth did not move—overcome with grief, she burst into tears, and turning from him covered her face with her hands. At the sight of the distress of her he still fondly loved, all his bitterness left him. Theodore sprang towards her, and throwing his arms around her, exclaimed, 'Forgive me dearest Elizabeth—do forgive me. I have cruelly wounded your feelings I know—but scarcely am conscious what I say. You who know too well, with what devotedness I loved you, how my every thought turned to you, may imagine the misery your desertion gives me,—oh, Elizabeth!' he exclaimed leaving her, and sinking on a bench. 'I did love you—deeply love you, and it is so hard to meet with this return. You have destroyed me, all the plans I have been building, all the hopes of future happiness, which cheered me in my toils for so long a time, are crushed in one moment. But do not weep so—I cannot bear to see you in tears. This has upset me, but I shall be stronger soon, Elizabeth!' he said, as he gazed on her, while his deep blue eyes expressed the greatest anguish, 'I now look on you for the last time—I must leave you forever. Is this then that rapturous meeting I so long anticipated,—ah, little did I imagine, it would be, only to bid you an eternal adieu.'

He was rushing from the arbor, when Elizabeth cried—'Theodore, leave me not thus; will you not forgive me; oh! tell me you forgive me, or I cannot be happy.' He turned—pressed her to his heart—passed rapidly through the garden, sprang on his horse, and was soon at his mother's door.

Mrs. Howard, who had not seen her son for a year, was delighted when she found he had returned, and throwing down her knitting she ran out crying, 'my dear Theodore! who'd a thought it! why sure it can't be you—come in, come in dear boy.'

Theodore threw his arms around his mother, kissed her, then sat down with his head leaning on his hand without speaking.

Mrs. Howard knew her son had heard of the marriage of Elizabeth, and sitting down mournfully opposite him, she gazed on him in tearful silence. At length she said—'So I see you have heard all about Elizabeth Chapman's marriage. But don't grieve about it, come, it a'n't manly to be down-hearted about a faithless girl.'

'Mother,' said Theodore mildly—'you must have patience with me for a little while. I am a weak boy, I know, and this will have its way; it was a sudden blow mother, and sometimes I think it has broken my heart.'

Mrs. Howard burst into tears. 'I am sure I wish this fellow had been to Guinea before he had come here getting Elizabeth's heart away from you, but she's a cruel heartless thing, I cannot bear her.'

'Ah mother,' said Theodore, kissing the tears from his mother's cheek, 'you must not blame her, she could not help loving him. It was not her fault. You know it would have been wrong in her to marry me if she loved another—love another!' he exclaimed with an unnatural burst of violence. 'I know her heart, she does not love him; he is rich, I see it—she has sold herself for gold and destroyed me. But she shall not triumph—cold, calculating being! He shall die—let me go mother. He shall not live in her smiles, while I am cast aside like a dog to die. Yes, mother, I am dy—dying.'

The violence of his passion now abated as suddenly as it had arisen, and he fell back insensible in his mother's arms. The unhappy young man was placed in bed, and his weeping mother sat by him, smoothing back his damp glossy locks from his pale forehead with her trembling hands. The tears rolled down her withered cheeks, as she gazed on her only child, in whom she had taken so much pride, bowed down by a blast of misery, lying motionless and insensible before her. The physician, who had been sent for, now came, but it was a long time before the unhappy Theodore showed any signs of life. Then, medicines were administered, the curtains closed, and his sorrowing mother seated herself by his bedside, and watched him until morning. Theodore awoke the next day, calm and rational, but neither the presence, nor the caresses of his mother could raise a smile. A deep melancholy was stamped in every feature of his youthful face, and although he replied to his mother in a calm tone, yet she saw a fearful change had fallen on her darling boy, and she could no longer hope he might be happy again.

He spoke not of Elizabeth, nor alluded to his sorrows, except to regret his passion of yesterday. 'And I trust,' he said, 'I shall never give way to such unmanly violence again. You never saw me thus before, mother.'

'No, dearest Theodore, I never did—you are the best and gentlest boy in all Vermont—and to think that proud girl should treat you so, is more than I can bear.'

'No more of that, dear mother—if you love me, never mention her to me again, I must try to forget her—yes,' he added, pressing his hands over his eyes, 'my only chance of happiness must be, in banishing from my heart, all those sweet thoughts and feelings, which have filled it so long. Those airy castles, those lovely visions, it has been my sole delight to indulge in, must fade before the sadness of stern reality. My peace now depends on forgetting my early days—in erasing from my memory all those years of my youth—for they have been spent with her. And Elizabeth! must I forget

her, the remembrance of whom has been alas my only joy. But enough of this—I have a task before me, I must walk, or ride—do any thing but think.' Poor Theodore found the task he had set himself greater than he could perform. His had not been an active life, he had lived in his study, or in the woods alone, or in rambling with, or thinking of Elizabeth. Her he had loved, with an intenseness and devotedness few feel. The severe shock he had received, he could not struggle with, but all strength and firmness seemed fled from his young heart. He would see no one, go to no house where he had formerly been, but sat for hours leaning his arms on his little table, and his head on them, or rambled alone in the silent forest. His mother could not prevail on him to see any of his early friends; his only wish, he said, was to forget and be forgotten.

One morning Theodore took up his hat, as usual, and was preparing to go out, when his mother asked him where he was going,—'to the woods, mother.'

'How long shall you be gone.'

'I know not.'

'Dear Theodore, you must not wander so much alone in the forest. You must not stay out all day without food—indeed it is wrong; you will get sick, you will die, then what will become of your poor mother. My son,' she continued, endeavoring to suppress her tears, 'I have never spoken to you about your sorrows since the first day of your return, but I must speak; it grieves me to the heart, to see my only child give himself up to such misery and despair. Now don't sit down to that table again. I cannot bear to see you there, leaning your head on your hands for hours. It is not right, my son; you must employ yourself.'

'Dear mother, what can I do. If I attempt to read, the letters are all dim, if I would write, my hand trembles so that my writing is illegible, tell me, what would you have me do.'

'It is difficult at first, I know, but try again my son; we all have troubles sent us from our Father, and it is our duty to him, to bear them as lightly as possible. I cannot expect you not to feel; but to give up as you do—to exhaust yourself by going without food—to spend your days in listless despondency, is unfitting you for exertion in this world, and I fear acceptance in the next. Pardon me my son, if I distress you, but I think it my duty to arouse you. If your mother is not as dear to you as Elizabeth, yet you owe her something. Remember, you are sacrificing her health and peace, as well as your own.'

'Dear mother—I will do all you wish; what shall I do to please you.'

'Why, in the first place, you must accustom yourself to see Mrs. Graham—nay, do not

start so ; stop, you must hear me. It is your only course, if you wish to recover peace of mind. You must hear her name spoken, and see her also ; promise me you will try. For the sake of your poor old sorrowing mother, do endeavor to seek her.

‘Mother I promise.’

‘That’s a dear boy ! my own Theodore now—remember, I have no husband—no one but you to look to for happiness.’

‘Well, mother, I have promised.’

‘Then, why not go to-day.’

‘Nay, not to the house ; there is to be a party to fish on the lake.’

‘You need not go in the same boat with them, but go with others, and do not let that Graham say you are pining away with grief, because he got your love away.’

‘Ha ! does he say that. I’ll go mother, I will visit all my old friends, indeed I will, but not to-day. I am unfitted for this yet, give me but this one day to prepare myself for this great effort, and I promise you, dear mother, I will ride up to Mrs. Chapman’s and face them all—nay, more, I will laugh and look gay, and they shall suppose every unhappy feeling is erased from my heart. Will that satisfy you—This day I must have to school my heart.’

‘Well, go my son, but remember to-morrow I shall depend on you, who have never broken a promise to me.’

Early that day three wagons drove from Mrs. Chapman’s door. Beside Elizabeth and her husband, there were all the young people of the town. The ride to Lake Champlain was delightful. The morning was bright and clear, and the air filled with fragrance, which the dew had extracted from the flowers. The songs of the birds re-echoed around the woods, while through openings of the forest, the waters of the lake were seen glittering, and quivering in the morning sun ; occasionally a summer breeze wafted aside the foliage about them, and gave the gazer a passing glimpse of the deep, and pure cerulean heaven. Our party arrived at the shore in high spirits ; every thing combined to wind them up to an unusual pitch of enjoyment. Leaving the wagons, all embarked in sail boats, to ‘ride on the lake,’ as they express it. Edward and Elizabeth, with James Chapman, Mercey and Mahitable, and young Bennet were in one boat, while a larger one contained the remainder of the company, and that important accompaniment to all picnics, the collation. The sails were hoisted, and, filling with the summer breeze, were soon far out in the blue waves of the lake.

Graham gazed around him with increasing pleasure for his eyes had seldom rested on so fair a scene. At one time, they were under a mass of bold cliffs, which towering

to the clouds, threw its dark shadow far out in the lake—then again the level shores, and cultivated tracts, claimed his attention, or some lonely isle, whose deep verdure was spotted with clumps of magnificent trees, while the distant hills, and the outlines of Fort Ticonderoga, added to the variety and soft beauty of the scene. Elizabeth was in the meanwhile, sitting in a musing attitude, apparently engaged in watching the ripples which were dancing around the boat. Mahitable was one of those inconvenient personages who are born without tact, and turning to Elizabeth, she said in a low tone, ‘I dare say you are thinking now of what just came across me. The last time you and I were together on a boating expedition, poor dear Theodore Howard was with us.’

‘Yes, I confess that my ideas were on that sailing party, and it was with the greatest reluctance I came to-day ; for I cannot bear to enjoy myself, when I know he is so unhappy—and through my means. Ah, indeed, it sometimes makes me quite wretched.’

‘I am in hopes he is getting over it now,’ replied Mahitable—‘I passed the house yesterday, and seeing his mother at the window, I asked her how Theodore was. She answered ‘quite well.’ I then asked her how his spirits were. “His spirits,” she said, drawing herself up—“his spirits are very good, I assure you : there is nothing the matter with him, and I hope you will tell your friend, Elizabeth Chapman so.”’

Elizabeth sighed, and shook her head. She knew him and his mother too well to hope this. Arrived now at the fort, the party ascended to ramble around the ruins. Melancholy is generally mixed with our sensations while gazing on a ruin ; but here their only feelings were those of proud triumph and gratitude to heaven for their country’s freedom. The deeds that were done there were recounted, and they gazed on the crumbling masses, as monuments of the heroes who once fought there.

James Chapman, who had stood with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the fallen fortress, now suddenly clasped his hands together, and, while his eyes flashed with enthusiasm, exclaimed, ‘By gum ! I wish I had been here !’

‘Gracious me ! brother, what’s the matter ?’ said Elizabeth.

‘I was thinking of that cute exploit of Allen and Arnold. What rare sport they must have had ! Graham, do you see that rock, on the other side of the lake ? Well, there did that valiant band embark ; over this very spot they came silently on, headed by Ethan Allen, and took the fort before a single gun was fired. Now, why can’t I ennoble my name by some such exploit ?’

‘Come,’ said Mahitable, ‘you had better

join the fishers, and get some fish for our dinners, or the daughters of your country will starve.’

While the gentlemen were catching and cooking the fish, the ladies spread a cloth under the shade of some trees, and covered it with their rustic fare. James Chapman was constituted waiter, and throwing a napkin over his arm, he flourished around with so many smirks and graces, that poor Mahitable was almost convulsed with laughter. The fish were declared to be cooked to a charm, and the feast was seasoned and concluded with jokes and joyous laughter. The clouds had been flitting about all day—now spotting the broad surface of the lake with shadows, and now sailing far away in the blue sky. Now, however, they gradually congregated together, and the western sky assumed a black and threatening hue. Graham, who first observed this, was quite uneasy ; but some had strolled too far to be recalled, and some begged to finish a segar, and much time elapsed ere they all prepared to depart. A sharp clap of thunder hastened their movements : the boats were unmoored, the sails unfurled and the party were soon on their way.

After Theodore left his mother, he betook himself, as usual, to his solitary rambles. His favorite haunt was a hill, which rose abruptly from the shore of the lake. Here, throwing himself on the grass, beneath the shade of a chesnut tree, with no sound near, save the rustling of the leaves in the gentle breeze, he gazed sadly out on the lake, and over the varied and beautiful country beyond. ‘How often,’ he said, ‘have I looked on all this with delight ! What bright visions of the future passed through my mind ! Ah, how happy I was ! How incredulously I listened, when the old people, shaking their heads at youth’s day-dreams, spoke of the almost certainty of disappointment. There is no change here. The glittering lake at my feet—the wild forests around—the lovely shores, and the elysian islands—all are the same ; yet every soft and gentle feeling is tainted by that bitter fountain which lies in the recesses of my heart, and all this beauty gives no pleasure now.’

A clap of thunder aroused Theodore—he started to his feet and gazed around him in dismay. The sky and water were of one dark hue. The blast, which just then burst down on the land, bore the largest trees to the ground, and filled the air with leaves, and branches, and dust. Out on the cliff’s extreme edge—quivering with the idea of the danger of her he so fondly loved ; for out in the lake were two boats, with their masts bent to the water. With incredible exertion he let himself down the rocks, and stood on the shore. The larger boat had arrived safely,

and landed its terrified passengers. Theodore looked eagerly among them, but she he sought was not there. Wildly he gazed at the other frail bark. Its sails touched the water—it upset, and turned completely over! One groan escaped Theodore; then springing into a boat, followed by others, with the assistance of sails and oars, they succeeded in forcing their way through the waves. Young Bennet they met swimming to the shore, with Miss Wayland, and after some exertion, had the happiness of rescuing them. Straining every nerve, the upset boat was at length reached, and there, almost faint with exhaustion, James Chapman was seen clinging to its side, supporting Elizabeth. Mahitable had fortunately returned in the other boat. With a burst of gratitude Theodore received the insensible Elizabeth in his arms, and in a few moments the weary crew brought their rescued friends to the shore. Theodore bore Elizabeth to a sheltered spot, where, with the assistance of others, he wrung the wet from her hair, rubbed her hands, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her revive.

'Oh, my husband!' she cried, gazing wildly around her. 'Did you save him? Where is he?'

'He must have swam to the shore.'

'No, no, he is drowning! Go immediately,' she screamed wildly; 'He is entangled in the sails! I saw him far below me, but fainted before I could tell them. Oh, Theodore—dear Theodore! go.'

Theodore gazed on her, and out on the dark lake. A flush of joy rushed over him; but striking his heart violently, maddened that such a thought found harbor there, he sprang into the boat, calling to Elizabeth, 'I will save your husband, or die.'

James followed him, and they were once more on the waters. The floating wreck was attained again, and both gazed down in search of the lost Graham. They espied him at last, and Theodore sprang out of the boat, and down through the water. James watched him anxiously. Theodore worked with incredible exertion to release him, who had made the world a desert to him, and arose twice for air, before he succeeded. He was at length loosened, and Theodore arose with him to the surface; he was placed safely in the boat, and James turned to assist Theodore; but at that moment the blood gushed out over the face of young Howard, and relaxing his grasp, he sank heavily down through the stormy waves. Sorrow had so wasted him, and his extraordinary exertions that day had so exhausted him, that he burst a blood-vessel, and sunk to rise no more. James, in great distress, rowed around, and lingered in hopes of seeing his unhappy friend, but convinced he was gone forever,

and knowing every minute was of consequence to Graham, he sadly took his way to the shore. Graham recovered slowly, but Elizabeth, miserable at the fate of Theodore, was taken home in a state of high fever and delirium.

Mrs. Howard had felt in remarkable good spirits that day, for she now hoped to see her beloved boy recover from his state of gloomy sorrow; and with her knitting in her bag she stepped over to take a dish of tea with neighbor Peabody. At that moment James Chapman drove up to bring Mahitable home. The widow ran to the window. 'Well, Jimmy,' she said, 'I'm glad you have brought them home safely. I was terribly afraid when I heard the thunder, that some accident might happen: but where's the rest? I hope they are all safe.'

'Oh, yes,' said James, turning pale with his endeavors to speak calmly to the bereaved woman; 'they will be all here directly.'

The poor unconscious mother ran on talking gaily, until a cold chill crept over the party as they gazed on her smiling countenance, and thought how soon anguish would be seated on every feature.

'I am so glad my Dorey did not go with you,' she continued. 'I urged him to go, but I should have been in an agony of fear had I thought he was on the water in that storm, for should he be drowned, I don't know what would become of me. He is no doubt sheltered somewhere. But drive on—you all look so weary.'

James gave his horse a cut, and drove away. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'I should have gone raving mad, had I stayed there another moment. To hear that poor old soul speak so cheerfully, so much livelier than she has been for some time past, and to know the blow that is hanging over her—is horrible.'

As they rode along, they were hailed from many a house, to know the fate of the party, and soon every one but she whom it would touch the most, knew the loss of the gentle Theodore, and a sentiment of sorrow pervaded every heart. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Howard left her friend's house, and slowly took her way homeward. As she passed through the village, every one she met seemed very gloomy, and when she spoke smilingly to them, they gazed earnestly and piteously at her, or turned hastily away. Still, much occupied with her own thoughts, she scarcely observed this, but arrived at her home, with a more serene heart than she had known for some time. The next day the poor mother was informed of her loss, and, for an hour after the fatal intelligence, sat, with her hands clasped together, and her head bowed down on her breast, without speaking. Her kind neighbors succeeded in placing her in bed,

from which she never rose again. Elizabeth stationed herself by her bedside, where she nursed her night and day. The sorrowing woman seldom spoke—never inquired the particulars of her son's death—but lay silently weeping with the bitterness a lonely and bereaved mother can alone feel. 'Oh, Elizabeth,' said she one day, 'to think my boy, my beautiful Theodore, is lying far down in the bottom of the lake, among the cold waves; if he could only be buried by his father's side, I could bear it better.' 'Be comforted then, my dear Mrs. Howard. Mr. Graham has offered a large sum for the recovery of the body, and all the town has turned out in search of him.'

'And I spoke harsh to him, Lizzy, on that very morning! Oh, that cuts me to the heart! I blamed him for indulging in sorrow. Little did I know that was the last day of his life! Oh, if I had not spoken so harsh to him! Lizzy, if I had not uttered those cruel words to my own kind, gentle boy!'

Elizabeth did all in her power to alleviate the sorrows of the broken-hearted mother—but in vain. Her spark of life were fast waning, and she laid motionless in her bed, seemingly only waiting to hear her son's body was found. Melancholy were the sensations of Elizabeth, while she sat, day after day, in that darkened room, and reflected on the misery her faithlessness had brought on that sorrowing mother; and in the depth of her wretchedness, she even wished she had never seen the young stranger.

On the ninth day after the loss of young Howard, the booming sound of cannon was heard at intervals, which were fired over the lake, in hopes this might effect the raising of the body. The dying mother lay to all appearance insensible, but with the sound of the cannon, a deep shudder would convulse her limbs, and show that life still lingered. The shores of the lake were lined with anxious spectators—boats were stationed around, and every endeavor was used to recover their young townsman.

Just at dusk, Elizabeth heard the slow tramp of many feet approaching the house. They stopped, and she crept softly out. Her husband stood in the entry. 'The body is found,' said he, in a low tone.

Elizabeth stole back to the room, and saw Mrs. Howard sitting up in bed. 'Is that my poor boy?' Elizabeth answered in the affirmative: the mother clasped her hands, raised her eyes to heaven, and sank slowly back in her bed. Elizabeth sprang to her, but her spirit had gone to join her Theodore in heaven.

And did she, who by her fickleness, had brought so much woe to the hearts that loved her—did she live happy after these disastrous events? Alas! poor girl! a melancholy took possession of her heart—her home became

wearisome, and she urged her husband to take her, as he had promised, to the city where he lived. He was extremely reluctant to go, and sought, by many an evasion, to remain where he was. However, he at last could not avoid it, and left the peaceful valleys of Vermont.

When arrived at the great city, Graham was forced to disclose to his wife that his only means of maintaining her was by the stage—that he was on his way to Montreal, seeking an engagement, when an acquaintance offered to defray his expenses, if he would look after some lands of his in Vermont. Elizabeth was thunderstruck. She had always been taught by her homely relatives, that the theatre was (as her plain-spoken father called it) *the devil's house*; and this, with the straightened means of her husband, preyed on her spirits and altered her temper. Her husband saw he had lost her confidence, and sought for friends, and happiness away from home, where he once again plunged into that dissipated way of life which he once hoped he had forsworn forever. Elizabeth, in the lonely hours she now so frequently experienced, reviewed her past life, and bitterly regretted that she had thrown from her, so recklessly, the pure and faithful heart of Theodore. A few years passed, and by the sudden death of her husband, Elizabeth was left alone and penniless, in a large and unknown city; but by raising a little money from the work of her hands, she succeeded in once more attaining the shade of her native valleys, where she threw herself and three children on the charity of her father. The peace she once knew here, was her's no more, for the remaining days of the lonely widow were worn away in care and discontent, and vain repining after the lost friend of her early youth.

E. R. S.

BIOGRAPHY.

Chief Justice Marshall.

JOHN MARSHALL was born in Fauquier, Virginia, on the 24th of September, 1755, the eldest child of colonel Thomas Marshall, a planter of small fortune, who had fifteen children. From his intelligent father the future chief justice of the United States received the first rudiments of education. By him he was introduced into the study of history and poetry. From his father's tuition he passed, between his fourteenth and eighteenth years, successively through the hands of several teachers, one of whom carried him as far as Horace and Livy in the Latin classics. Upon this foundation he afterwards made himself a good Latin scholar.

In his eighteenth year, while studying law, he engaged enthusiastically in the growing controversy between Great Britain and her

American colonies, devoting much time to military exercise in a volunteer corps, to training a military company in the neighborhood, and to reading the political essays of the day.

In the summer of 1775, being in his twentieth year, he was appointed first lieutenant in a company of minute men enrolled for actual service, and was soon afterwards engaged with his company in the battle of the Great Bridge, where the British troops under lord Dunmore were repulsed with great gallantry. In July 1776, he was transferred as first lieutenant to the eleventh Virginia regiment on the continental establishment. The following winter he marched to the north, and in 1777 was promoted to the rank of captain. He was in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. In 1780 he returned home and resumed the study of the law, while waiting for orders from the state legislature. In the autumn of the same year he obtained a license to practice, and rejoined the army, in which he continued till 1781, when, there being a redundancy of officers in the Virginia line, he resigned his commission.

He was distinguished in service for courage and activity, and such was the estimation in which he was held by his brother officers, that quarrels and points of difference among them were often submitted to his arbitration. Thus early was he noted for that union of sound judgment and integrity which has since given to his decisions a value and weight unsurpassed by those of any other judicial tribunal in the world.

He soon rose to eminence at the bar. In the spring of 1782 he was elected a member of the State legislature, and in the autumn of the same year a member of the executive council. The following January he married Miss Ambler. In 1784 he resigned his seat in the council in order to return to the bar; and he was immediately afterwards re-elected to the legislature from Fauquier county. In 1787 he was elected member for the county of Henrico, of which Richmond is the shiretown. He engaged warmly in the animated discussions of that excited period, and was afterwards a member of the convention called in Virginia, to ratify the constitution. In 1788, the legislature having passed an act allowing a representative to the city of Richmond, he was invited to become a candidate and was selected. He continued in the legislature till 1791, when he retired, mingling however, actively in the politics of the day.

One of the earliest meetings called to express public sentiment, as to the conduct of citizen Genet, was at Richmond, and Mr. Marshall drew up the resolutions there passed, expressing strong disapprobation of

Genet's course, and a deep sense of the danger of foreign influence. In 1795 he was again elected to the legislature.

About this period he was invited by president Washington to accept the office of attorney general, but declined it on account of its interfering with his lucrative practice. Upon the recall of Mr. Monroe, as minister from France, president Washington solicited him to accept the appointment as Mr. Monroe's successor; this offer he likewise declined. A year afterwards he was appointed by president Adams one of the three commissioners to be sent to France in place of one minister. The crisis was alarming, and from a sense of public duty he reluctantly accepted the appointment. He returned in 1799.

In 1799, at the earnest solicitation of general Washington, who invited him to Mount Vernon for the purpose of discussing the subject, he became a candidate for congress and was elected. The distinguished part he played in the memorable session of 1799-1800 is well known. In 1800 without the slightest personal communication, he was nominated by the president secretary of war, and immediately afterwards secretary of state. Chief Justice Ellsworth dying about this time. Mr. Marshall was made on the 31st of January, 1801, chief justice of the United States, which post,—one of the most elevated and important known in the history of government,—he has occupied for 34 years, discharging its arduous and responsible functions with the highest credit to himself and the greatest benefit to his country.

He calmly departed this life on the 6th of July last, in the city of Philadelphia, surrounded by three of his children and many valuable friends. A few days previous to his death, he penned an inscription for his tombstone, and was fully prepared for the event.

Biography can furnish the lives of few men, if any, who have had a longer, loftier and purer career.—His biographer eloquently observes—'What indeed strikes us as the most remarkable in his whole character, even more than his splendid talents, is the entire consistency of his public life and principles. There is nothing in either which calls for apology or concealment. Ambition never seduced him from his principles—popular clamor never deterred him from the strict performance of his duty. Amid the extravagancies of party spirit, he stood with a calm and steady inflexibility,—neither bending to the pressure of adversity, nor bounding with the elasticity of success. He lived such as man should live, by and with his principles. If we were tempted to say in one word in what he excelled all other men, we should say, in wisdom; in the union of that virtue, which ripened under the hardy discipline of

principles, with that of knowledge, which constantly sifted and refined its old treasures, and as constantly gathered new. The Constitution, since its adoption, owes more to him than to any other single mind, for its true interpretation and vindication.—Whether it lives or perishes, his exposition of its principles will be an enduring monument to his fame, so long as solid reasoning, profound analysis, and sober views of government shall invite the leisure, or command the attention of statesmen and jurists.'

MISCELLANY.

Female Heroism Exemplified.

THE female character, when life passes smooth and tranquil appears to be wholly made up of tenderness and dependence. It shrinks from the gaze of the rude, and recoils from the slightest touch of the impudent. But however it may appear in these circumstances, certain it is that when dangers impend, traits of heroism and intrepidity dart out amid this tenderness and dependence, like lightning from the soft fleecy clouds of a summer's evening. So when we stand by the ocean's side and view its smooth and tranquil bosom, we little suspect the terrible energy of its wave, when lashed into fury by the winds! The following fact confirms these remarks.

In the year 1750, Henry and Emily, a new married pair, and children of wealthy parents in Boston, left their paternal abode, determined to effect a permanent settlement at a place called D——, (Mass.) Emily had been brought up in the midst of affluence and was acquainted with distress and poverty only in the abstract.—Though her character was made up of all those qualities which we most admire in her sex, yet no one would have suspected the presence of those which her subsequent life so abundantly evinced.

After a lapse of five years their house and farm presented the appearance of neatness and comfort; and except being sometimes startled from the slumbers of midnight by the yell of the savage, or the howl of the wolf, they had themselves suffered no molestation. The prospect from the house was bounded on all sides by the forest except in one direction, where there was a deep valley from which the wood had been cleared to open a communication with the adjoining town. The rays of the setting sun, shooting almost horizontally into the valley, enabled the eye to reach to a great distance, and formed a great contrast to the deep gloom that bounded on both sides of the way. It was through this opening that Henry might be frequently seen at the close of the day returning from labor in a distant field. It was here too that the eye of affection and hope first caught a view of a beloved object.

One evening about the end of June, Henry was seen about half way up to the valley on his return home. At this instant a tall stout Indian leaped from an adjoining wood and seized upon the unprotected and unsuspecting Henry, and appeared to be in the act of taking his scalp. The forest around rang with savage yells; and four Indians, were seen bounding over the fields towards the house. In an instant the tender and depending Emily was transformed into the bold, the intrepid heroine. She deliberately fastened the doors—removed her two sleeping children into the cellar—and with her husband's rifle, stationed herself before the window facing the Indians. The foremost Indian had just disappeared behind a small hillock; but as he rose to view he fell in the grasp of death. She hastily reloaded and anxiously waited the approach of the three remaining Indians, who appeared to be exhausted by running. Two of the three met with a fate similar to that of their companion; but the third succeeded in reaching the door, and commenced cutting it down with his hatchet. Our heroine with admirable presence of mind, recollecting that she had a kettle of boiling water above stairs, took it, poured it down on this son of the forest; who that instant looked up, received the whole contents hot as they were, into his face and eyes. Blinded, scalded by the water, and rendered desperate by being thus outwitted by a woman (which of all things the savage abhors) he ran furiously around the corner of the house and stumbled into a deep well.

Freed from the immediate personal danger she became deeply anxious to know the fate of her husband. On looking towards the spot where he had been seized upon by the Indian, she beheld him not only alive, but struggling with fearful odds against his foe, both covered with blood. She immediately hastened to his relief; and unperceived deliberately despatched a ball through the head of his adversary. On the discharge of the gun both fell; the one in the convulsions of death; the other by exhaustion. The one restored to his mother earth: the other to the arms of an affectionate and truly heroic wife.

A PEDLAR'S TOAST.—A few years since, at the celebration of our national anniversary a poor pedlar who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following:—
'Here is health to poverty: it sticks to a man when all other friends forsake him.'

THE STRIKES.—Leaning out of the window the morning after the great strike by the apprentices of this city, we discovered several lads who belonged to an establishment for the success of which we feel a deep interest. One of them was accosted thus, by a lad who

had participated in the turning out of the preceding evening:

'Well, Bill, an't you going to strike?'

'No, I rather think we sha'n't.'

'Why not?—all of —s apprentices did.'

'Did they!—well I'll tell you what, the old man does all the striking in our establishment.'

—U. S. Gazette.

ARTFUL QUESTION.—Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The King, who was fond of his acting, said, 'Give that dish to Dominico.' 'And the partridges, too, Sire?' Louis penetrating his art, replied, 'And the partridges too.' The dish was gold.

TRUTH WILL OUT.—'Well, Master Jackson,' said his minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant; 'well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church?' 'Ay, sir,' replied Jackson, 'it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing.'

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

D. D. B. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$0.90; S. O. B. Au Sable Forks, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. N. M'Lean, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Chenango, Forks, N. Y. \$1.00; J. N. P. New-York, \$1.00; T. C. C. Fitchburg, Ms. \$1.00; A. V. Little Falls, N. Y. \$5.00; S. A. W. Ira, N. Y. \$0.62½; A. P. Pratt's Hollow, N. Y. \$1.75; M. W. Addison, N. Y. \$1.00; T. A. H. Norwalk, Ct. \$1.00; M. W. Hildale, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. W. Naples, N. Y. \$1.00; R. F. & S. C. Schenectady, N. Y. \$2.00; L. H. A. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$0.75; R. E. A. Clermont, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; S. L. New-Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; A. N. S. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. W. Albany, N. Y. \$14.00; L. M. Edinburgh, N. Y. \$0.87½; J. S. Apulla, N. Y. \$0.87½; J. N. H. Stokes, N. Y. \$1.00; N. C. Havana, N. Y. \$1.00; L. G. Hull's Mills, N. Y. \$0.00;

SUMMARY.

GREAT YIELD.—A head of wheat from the field of Major Henry Edsminger, of York county, Pa. was found to contain 125 grains. Another head taken from the field of Mr. J. Eppley, of the same neighborhood, contained 120 grains. Such rates of increase denotes any thing else than shortness of the wheat crop, and a consequent scarcity of the staff of life.

The Fire Fly Locomotive, performed a trip from Ballston to Schenectady, N. Y. and back again, in one hour and three minutes. Distance thirty-one miles!

TO THE LADIES.—'Young's Patent Spark Catcher' is advertised in the United States Gazette.

We are rejoiced to hear that Mr. Dearborn, of Gold-street, has Halleck's works in press. If this work is to appear under the authority and countenance of Mr. Halleck, its sale will exceed any book ever printed in America.

The Boston Silk Company have purchased 280 acres at \$15,000 on the Lowell Road, and the business will be carried on upon a large scale.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. William Thacher, Mr. Freeman Roseman, to Miss Catharine Augusta Gruygier.

DIED.

In this city, on the 18th ult. Ruth Bates, aged 42 years. On the 27th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins, consort of the late Nathaniel Jenkins, of this city, aged 84 years.

On the 21st ult. William H. son of William D. Cole. In Albany, on the 21st ult. Jeremiah Waterman, merchant, aged 45 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Christian Name.

'Tis christian title—prize it well :
'Twill stand when beauty's tints shall fade,
'Twill stand when bosoms cease to swell,
'Twill stand when life's young dreams are made
Like sunny bubbles on the deep,
And sparkling eyes forever sleep.

'Twill stand when pleasures fail to please,
'Twill stand when honors all disgust,
When death these limbs of ours shall seize,
And lay them with their parent dust ;
And it will stand thro' trouble's sea,
To set the anguished bosom free.

Afar in future time 'twill stand,
Beyond the utmost reach of thought ;
'Twill brightly gleam in yonder land
From which the sacred sound was caught,
Where higher honors wait it still
Beside the throne on Zion's hill.

And it will stand while stands that throne,
Eternal as the God who gave,
Still, still the christian spirit's own :
Then who would not this title crave,
Before his God on bended knee,
That his that spirit blest might be ? L. S. M.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

When the voices are gone
That breathed music around,
And the faces we look for
Are not to be found ;
Then Love is a hermit,
And steals all apart,
For cold strikes the world
On the strings of the heart.

The world that we dreamt of
In home's pleasant bowers,
Ere we drank at its fountains,
Or gathered its flowers,
That we pictured as bright,
And we found as frail too,
As the gossamer's web
With its garlands of dew.

All the glitter that dazzled,
The newness that won,
Fade away from our reason.
Like clouds from the sun ;
As the angel of truth,
Growing bright through our tears,
Shows the world but a desert,
When sorrow appears.

Our childhood is fleet,
As a dream of the night ;
And youth fades anon
Like the flower in sunlight ;
And manhood soon ripens
As corn for the flail ;
And age drops to dust
Like the leaves on the gale.

Thus year after year
Life's enchantments decay,

The glow of the spirits,
So buoyantly gay,
Is chilled by unkindness,
Or chastened by woe,
Till man finds his paradise
Darkened below.

But man has a spirit
The world cannot bind,
That mounts to the stars,
And leaves darkness behind
Where the voices we loved
Breathe a holier sound,
And the faces we look for
Again may be found.

From the London Manchester Guardian.

'How Beautiful.'

'Making a worship of the beautiful.'—BULWER.

How beautiful this world of ours,
Its Autumn hues, and Summer flowers,
Its waving fields of ripened grain,
Its twilight shade, on hill and plain ;
Beautiful, its sparkling floods,
And its leafy, solemn woods,
And its morn, when o'er the brake,
All its songsters first awake.

How beautiful—the starry night,
When its meek and mellowed light,
Stealing through the trees is seen,
On the jocund village green ;
Beautiful, the dreams of sleep,
When the spirit, wrapt and deep,
Wanders 'neath Lethæan spell,
To a land where Angels dwell.

And oh ! how beautiful to see,
Love's unchanged fidelity,
Hearts that beat through good and ill,
True, and fond, and faithful still ;
Beautiful, when years have sped,
O'er the peasant's honored head,
Is the watchful care we bless
In a child's devotedness.

How beautiful—that quenchless power,
Unsubdued in darkest hour,
Unseduced when fortune's beam
Gaily gilds life's varying stream ;
Virtue—thine this glorious sway,
Thou the gem of fairest ray,
Thou the fairest flower we cull,
Crown of all—most beautiful.

Conscience.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLEY.

WHERE is the king, with all his purple pomp—
Where is the warrior plumed, the criminal judge
With all his insolent pleaders—where the sage—
Where all wise, powerful, fearful, frowning, things,
That can, for all their frowning, send an eye
An inch within my bosom ?

There's my rock,
My castle, my sealed fountain, sacred court ;
That shuts man out. There holy Conscience sits,
Judging more keenly than the ermined judge,
Smiling more deeply than the warrior's sword—
More mighty than the scepter. There my deeds,
My hopes, fears, vanities, wild follies, shames,
Are all arraigned. So Heaven be merciful.

The man acquitted at the fearful bar
Holds the first prize the round world has to give,
'Tis like Heaven's sunshine—priceless. For all else
The praise of others is as virgin gold,

Earth's richest offering to be sought with pain,
Yet not to be pined for ; worthy of all search,
But not of Sorrow—as the inferior prize :
Not as our breath of breath, or life of life,
The flowing river of our inward peace,
The noble confidence, that bids man look
His fellow man in the face, and be the thing,
Fearless and upward eyed, that God has made him.

AGENTS

For the Rural Repository.

New-York.

James F. Whitney, No. 150 Water-street, Albany—
Thomas Netterville, Athens.—Charles G. Irish, Buffalo—
Geo. Ramsey, P. M. Brewerton—Jesse Soper, Brighton—
Charles S. Willard, Catskill.—Thomas Robertson, Cam-
bridge—Elijah Ker P. M. Collins—Homer Strong, Darien—
John D. Dietrich, East Mendon—W. P. Konkle, Elmira—
Harrison Burge, Erieville—W. D. Shaw, Fluvanna—
Horton Grady, Glen's Falls—E. B. Doane, Hartford—
Geo. G. Vandenberg, Hillsdale—Isaac Haight, Hart's Val-
ley—John H. Robinson, Henrietta—A. Viele, Little Falls—
John C. Backus, M'Lean—E. S. Johnson, No. 242 Water-
Street, New-York—W. M. Anderson, P. M. Nelson—Geo.
W. Sidebottom, North Adams—P. Benton, P. M. New
Paltz Landing—J. D. Staudish, North Granville—Benj.
Van Wagener, P. M. New Paltz—Daniel B. Lovejoy,
Newark—James W. Reed, P. M. Oakhill—Dr. Charles H.
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Bunker, Rochester—Amos M. Knapp, Rondout—Geo. W.
Wright, Stafford—S. Preston, South Dover—James N.
Husted, P. M. Stokes—Charles Heimstreet, Troy—J. J.
Stevens, Ticonderoga—A. P. Dickerson, West Rush—C.
Phelps, P. M. West Groton—N. Millington, Watervliet.

Massachusetts.

Thomas C. Caldwell, Fitchburg—Wm. B. Templeton,
Gill—G. Joiner, Hallenbeck's—A. Parmenter, P. M. Marl-
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field—J. M. Hills, South Orange—O. D. Freeman, Sutton—
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Stanley, Jr. Lenox—Jesse Clement, Dracut—Benj. F. Whit-
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Connecticut.

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M. Landers, New Britain—W. Albertson, New-London
—Wm. A. Clark, Monroe.

Vermont.

Hollis Burt, Brattleborough—M. Huntington, Benning-
ton—Geo. Sturtevant, Jr. Perkinsville.

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Michigan Territory.

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